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FOR SCHOOL AND HOME

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By Jessie Wilcox Smith.

BOB CRATCHIT AND TINY TIM.

And so, as Tiny Tim observed, God bless Us, Every One!

"And how did little Tim behave?" asked Mrs. Cratchit.

"As good as gold," said Bob, "and better. Somehow he gets thoughtful, sitting by himself so much, and thinks the strangest things you ever heard. He told me, coming home, that he hoped people saw him in the church, because he was a cripple, and it might be pleasant to them to remember upon Christmas Day, who made lame beggars walk and blind men see."

CHARLES DICKENS,
in *The Christmas Carol*.

The Star.

BY FLORENCE PHINNEY.

NIGHT in the world! The night of hate
And cruelty and scorn;
But lo, the watchers in the East
Have glimpsed the coming morn!
Far, far, in lowly Bethlehem,
The Christ-child now is born!

Hate throned and crowned! With love of self
That spares not wife nor child,
The tribes of men their tribute pay
To the City, sin-defiled;
Near a manger, angel-guarded,
Sleeps a Jewish mother mild.

God over all! His purpose holds;
Though nations wander far,
Though power and gold still lure men on,
And strife and hatred mar,
Yet ever, leading to the light,
There shines the Christmas Star!

When Santa used an Auto.

BY ARTHUR E. WILSON.

THE little village of Sunny Ridge was full of preparations for Christmas, which was only a week off. Especially was the Sunny Ridge church, the only one in the village, active, as twenty of its Sunday school scholars were rehearsing for a Christmas operetta to be given Christmas Eve. This annual entertainment and tree was the one event looked forward to by every child in the village, whether they went to Sunday school or not; for every child was remembered with candy, oranges, and a present that night.

The village school was to close for its holiday vacation the Friday before Christmas week. (Christmas fell on Wednesday that year.) But about two o'clock on Thursday afternoon, one of the school committee appeared at the school and, after a few words with the teachers, went to the platform of each of the two rooms and made the same speech in each.

"Children, we've decided to give you an extra day for your vacation. It will begin to-night. You will not have to come to school to-morrow. I hope you will all have a merry Christmas," and with that he bowed and walked out.

Immediately there was hand-clapping and a buzz of conversation in each room. Miss Bright, teacher of the older scholars, tapped on Miss Grout's door, walked in, and for a few minutes the two teachers conversed in low tones. Then Miss Grout said:

"It is true, as Mr. King has told you, there will be no school to-morrow. He didn't tell you the reason. We think you might as well know. The Brown children, on the

lower road, have what the doctors think is diphtheria. You will remember that Carrie Brown was in school last Monday. She may have exposed others, and the board of health wish to keep the disease from spreading. There is nothing to fear. As we cannot have our school tree as we were planning for tomorrow, we shall have to wait until after school opens next year and we will call it a 'Belated Christmas-tree.' Now we will sing our Christmas songs and then you may be dismissed."

A rehearsal for the operetta had been set for Friday, after school, and the full meaning of what diphtheria was going to do to Sunny Ridge did not dawn on many of the children until they went to the church for the rehearsal and there read a printed sign as big as an auction bill:

NO SERVICES
OF ANY KIND PERMITTED
FOR TWO WEEKS
ON ACCOUNT OF
DIPHTHERIA

BOARD OF HEALTH, DECEMBER 20.

This order prohibited all meetings, church, Sunday school, Christmas parties. How unhappy were the children to be deprived of their usual good-time gatherings at this season of the year!

"Oh, dear," cried Edward Jones. "No Santa Claus. It won't seem a bit like Christmas."

"No Sunday school party, or candy, or fun opening packages," wailed his twin brother Theodore.

"I wonder what Santa will do with all the presents he probably has ready to bring to Sunny Ridge?" said Edward.

They were the minister's sons, and as their father's salary was very small the two boys had learned that they fared better at the Sunday school Christmas tree than at home; for at the tree many of the older scholars used to give their candy and oranges to the twins, and many presents came to them that night from mysterious sources.

Sunday was a dreadfully long and lonely day, with no church, no Sunday school, persons not even calling on one another. For this was on the list of things recommended by the health board, *NOT* to do.

The village postmaster and his wife, as the daylight faded into darkness on this shortest day of the year, put down their books and papers and began to talk of the one subject of conversation in every home in the Ridge that day.

"What a terrible disappointment it will be to the children!" sighed Mrs. Postmaster.

"Yes," assented her husband, "it will. But what will be done about the children's presents? You're on that committee. Going to take them round Christmas morning? You and Sally Smith were to see to that part, and Mrs. Leonard was to see about the box of oranges and the one hundred pounds of candy, as she could get them at a discount."

"She has already got the candy and oranges, and Sally went to city last Thursday and bought seventy-five presents."

"It wouldn't be a good way just to go from house to house Christmas morning distributing the presents," said Mr. Postmaster. Suddenly he slapped his hand on his knee and exclaimed in a loud voice, "I'll tell you what! I've got the idea!"

"Well, you needn't frighten me so, by trying to tell the whole neighborhood."

"You know," said the Postmaster, without heeding his wife's remark, "last year the Sunday school bought a new Santa Claus wig and beard. They are in our attic now. If there isn't more snow than now on the ground, I can put them on and my fur coat, get out the auto that we put away for the winter, Thanksgiving Day, oil it and feed it, and I can take those things around Christmas Eve. If any of the kids happened to look out they would think Santa hadn't forgotten them this year if there is diphtheria here."

"Capital!" agreed Mrs. Postmaster. "I'll have the presents and candy and oranges put up for each child and then make a list where you must go."

Monday, Mrs. Postmaster and Sally Smith and Mrs. Leonard worked on the packages, and all the arrangements were completed. More oranges and candy were put into Edward's and Theodore's bundles, and also into the Brown children's bundles went many good things to eat and games to play.

And then Monday evening it commenced to snow. It snowed all night and until five o'clock Tuesday afternoon. It lay a foot deep and hardly a path anywhere except right through the middle of the main street where some teams had forced their way.

But the Postmaster of Sunny Ridge was one of those men who when he set out to do a thing usually did it. At seven that Christmas Eve all the stars of heaven peeped out to see what would happen on earth that night.

Edward and Theodore and all the other children went to bed with a sense of deep disappointment. No party, no candy, no oranges, no Santa. Most of them, however, went quickly to sleep. But Edward lay awake wondering if there really was a Santa and how he could get around to so many places in one short night, and—and—would he be able to find their little village under all this snow, and—and—and—why! wasn't that the little old man himself now just getting into their chimney? My, how did he do it? Edward knew Santa would stick in the chimney, for they had had it repaired since last Christmas. But here was the funny old man coming right out of the stove-pipe—

"Honk! Honk! Honk!"

What was that? Edward started. He must have been asleep.

"Honk! Honk! Honk!" He heard it distinctly. This was no dream. He sprang up. An electric light just in front of his house showed him Santa in an auto.

"Oh, Theodore, quick, quick," he called. "Here's Santa Claus come in an auto. See him with his long white whiskers and silver hair. Look at his fur coat and high boots. See that great bag on the back seat. He's coming to our door, Theodore, with his arms full of packages."

A stamping of feet, a loud ring of the bell, the sound of voices, oh, ever so sweet, to those two little boys entranced by the spell. Then, back to the auto, with its loud whirring wheels, that went round and round but didn't gain ground. Backward and forward, four times all in all, it tried before leaping out of its stall. Then "Honk, honk!" went the horn, and this was kept up till well-nigh the morn. Every child on that night, in that village of white, in spite of the plague which crept in like a fox, had a call from old Santa, who left each a box.

"And a little Child shall lead them."

BY ALICE RICH CATE.

A True Story.

IT was Saturday morning, at ten o'clock of the day in December that the famous Dottressa Montessori was to speak in Tremont Temple about little children. On his way to hear her, a man of some eighty years, whitehaired, yet with the light of youth in his eyes, climbed the long flight of steps leading from the subway, and crossed over in front of Park Street Church. There he came upon a small boy, a very small boy for nine years of age, staggering under a load of wood at least three feet high and as many long, which he was pulling over the pavement. Upon being questioned, the little fellow, hollow-eyed and already exhausted, said that he had dragged the wood up from somewhere on the waterfront, and was trying to get it home. The load must have weighed a hundred and fifty pounds, as this good gentleman found when he tried to give the boy a lift. It was all he could do to stir it, but, with the aid of a rope, he got the thing started, then told the boy to lead the way.

They went down Tremont Street, past Tremont Temple, where Montessori was preaching the gospel of justice and love to little children, through Scollay Square, on and on, until, out of breath, they halted a good mile distant at the door of an indescribable house. It was the boy's home. The gentleman stopped to get his breath, then talked for a while with the crowd that had gathered. The little fellow was too much exhausted and dazed to say anything, besides, he probably didn't know how; but the crowd demanded expression, and asked why he didn't thank the gentleman, which he then did, faintly.

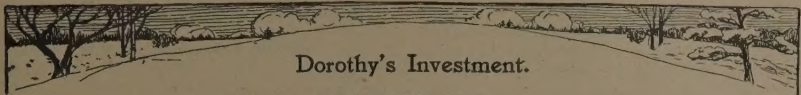
As he spoke, perhaps more eloquently with his eyes than with his lips, his new friend slipped a quarter into his hand, with a whisper that he was to have a good time with it Christmas. Then, with a wave of the hand and a smile, he said, "Merry Christmas, little boy, and a Merry Christmas to you all," and the crowd clapped till the walls resounded.

Just then, as a dramatic climax to the scene, a drunken man, who had been watching from a distance, rolled up to the little group, and was man enough to say, though unsteadily, "That was the milk of human kindness." Shakespeare in the slums!

The man of eighty, still seemingly unwearied, hurried back through the winding streets and alleys, to reach Tremont Temple at ten minutes past eleven,—too late to get a seat for Dr. Montessori's lecture. But there are some who do not need to have preached to them the gospel of liberty and love for little children. And no one knew, even those along the way who had looked with wonder at the old man and his little friend, the joy in that dear man's heart.

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

NO trumpet blast profaned
The hour in which the Prince of Peace
was born,
No bloody streamlet stained
Earth's silver rivers on that sacred morn;
But o'er the peaceful plain,
The war-horse drew the peasant's loaded wain.
BRYANT.



Dorothy's Investment.

BY CAROLINE CURTIS.

"A PENNY for your thoughts, Dorry." "They aren't worth it. If they were I'd sell them and give the money to the chapel fund. I can't seem to think of any other means of raising money, and there's so much still to raise! When I get to be a multi-millionaire and offer fifty thousand dollars to a college on condition that it raise fifty thousand more, I shall give it more time than till the twelfth of January."

"Isn't it awful!" Gwyn chimed in. "Only three weeks and thousands still to be raised. Don't I wish I had rich relatives! I'd make them help out materially."

"There ought to be a way for us to do more," sighed Dorothy. "We've washed waists and blacked shoes for hire, and worn our old coats and gone without theater tickets. *Can't* some one think of something else to do? Think how we need it, girls, the chapel and the organ and the place for offices; and we almost have it! Every one is working so! President Holmes spends every minute, the secretary says. She's not even going to take a Christmas vacation. Some of the girls have brought in hundreds of dollars. *We must!* Oh, girls, we *must* do something more, even if we aren't rich! Hasn't some one an idea?"

"I have!" Judith fairly clapped her hands in excitement. "Of course we're all saving on Christmas gifts, only we have to give some—can't neglect our families entirely. But we could neglect each other."

"And use our money for the chapel?" Dorothy asked. "I'd thought of that, but it would be so little—my share, anyway."

"Not just use it. Invest it." Judith explained. "We'd have all Christmas vacation to earn more. Let's count up how much we intend to spend for each other's presents, and then divide it evenly and see how much we can make it grow."

Dorothy's face was troubled. "It sounds like a lovely plan, Judith," she said. "But I don't just see how you mean. I used to sell lemonade on hot days when I was a small girl, but that doesn't bring such a very large income, and besides it's not appropriate to Christmas vacation."

The other girls laughed. Then Harriet spoke up. "I see what Judith means," she said. "Buy the stuff for orange marmalade and then sell the marmalade at a profit, and do embroidery and crocheting and things of that sort."

"Oh," said Dorothy, and again, "It's a lovely plan. Only—there's so much to do at our house, Christmas time: clothes to fix, and lots of housework, and presents for the children to be finished. Of course we have just lots of fun, but we have to. I mean I couldn't sit in a corner and embroider. 'Twould be cheating the family, the way Judith said about their Christmas presents."

"Never mind, Dorry! The rest of us aren't blessed with such nice, big families. We'll earn lots and maybe you can earn a few cents. Now let's divide the money."

When the amount of each girl's gifts for her five companions had been added, and divided into equal parts, each girl received a dollar and a quarter.

"That's a good start," cried Harriet.

"I've a splendid scheme already. I wish it was vacation now!"

"Let's not give Dorry her dollar and a quarter," suggested Gwyn, mischievously. "Remember how she gave Helen's bedroom slippers to the washwoman in the fall, and dropped the dime I gave her for baby ribbon into a blind man's hat?"

Everybody laughed. "Oh, Dorry the Generous! Dorry the Generous!" they chanted.

"But I did pay them back," said Dorothy, anxiously. "The slippers and the dime and Judith's fan I lent to a freshman and never got back. I won't give this away, truly, girls. I'll remember it's chapel money. I'm trying to reform."

"Don't reform too hard," warned Harriet, throwing her arms around Dorothy. "We like you pretty well just as you are, Dorry the Generous."

It was December eighteenth that the six planned their investment, the day before they separated for Christmas vacation. Their next meeting was January seventh, just five days before the expiration of the time set for the raising of the fifty thousand dollars. In spite of delightful vacations and successful investments, a cloud hung over the little group.

"There's two thousand dollars still to raise," Harriet informed them. "We simply can't do it unless the time is prolonged."

"Oh, you can't tell," said Gwyn, optimistically. "A big gift may come yet."

"No," Harriet told her decisively. "The secretary says not. She says President Holmes has just talked and written! She hasn't rested a bit except Sundays and Christmas day itself. And she says there's not a single person who might possibly give anything like two thousand."

"Oh, dear," said Judith. "I was so jubilant over our little earnings, and now they're not even a drop in the bucket."

"Never mind. Let's count them up," advised Gwyn. "The time may be extended, and then they'll help. I have two dollars and eighty cents. I bought two dolls and dressed them and sold them. I could have done more if there'd been time."

"So say we all of us," laughed Harriet. "I made marmalade, according to my own suggestion, and I have three dollars." And she laid the money on the desk.

"I did hemstitching for Mother and earned a dollar. So here's two twenty-five. It wasn't exactly an investment, but it was the best I could do." This was Helen's contribution.

"Good work!" said Judith, heartily. "Any way to get it. I didn't invest, either, even after I'd proposed the plan. I helped Father in the office. He gave me ten dollars, and here it is."

A shout arose as Judith laid eleven twenty-five on the table. "That's a gift!" cried the girls. "That's the way to earn money! We're proud of our business woman."

"And now, Louise,"—Judith turned to the fifth of the group,—"*you* look as if you had something up your sleeve."

Louise quietly laid her bills on the table—a ten and a five. "I got fourteen seventy-five for a story," she said shyly.

Again there was a shout. Quiet Louise had

"made up" stories from her babyhood. She told them to the girls, sometimes, and wrote them for English class and the college monthly, but her friends had never been able to induce her to send her compositions to a real, paying magazine. That she had done it, at last, for the chapel fund—that she had had her story accepted—a story that they could all see in print, some day—was an event indeed. Excitement and congratulation ran high.

At last, to end the stream of praise, Louise herself turned to Dorothy. "Well, Dorry, how about you?" she asked. "Did you find time to earn a few pennies?"

"Oh, girls," said Dorothy, miserably, "I'm too ashamed to speak. You've all done such splendid things, especially Judith and Louise!"

"And didn't you have time for even a cent?" Judith questioned. "Never mind. We all know how many things our dear Dorry has done without pay. Hand over your dollar and a quarter, Dorry. It will make the whole of thirty-five dollars and fifty-five cents. Just think, girls, that's quite a sum!"

"But, oh," wailed Dorothy, "I haven't even that. Of course, I'll get it. Miss Henig will lend it to me on my German dictionary until I can earn it. But, oh, I'm so ashamed!"

"What was it?" asked Gwyn. "An irresistible impulse of generosity?"

Dorothy smiled in spite of her distress. "Listen, girls," she said. "I'm sure you'll understand. It was on the way home. You know I have to wait four hours at Hope Junction. It's a *most* God-forsaken place! There were a lot of men waiting, but only one woman—an old lady in black. Her face and voice were sort of stern and unpleasant when she spoke to the ticket agent, but when her face was at rest, it was, oh, so sad! Girls, I felt very sorry for her. She looked as if she was all alone in the world and didn't have anything to make her happy. I just went over and talked to her. I don't remember what I said. I was sort of frightened, at first, she looked so surprised and stern. But after a while she warmed up. I told her about college and the chapel fund and how we'd all been trying to raise money. She seemed awfully interested. I told her about home, too, and our big, jolly family, and the dollar and a quarter, and how I knew I shouldn't have time to invest it."

"And what did she say?" Judith inquired, laughing. "Did she tell you how her son had died and her son's wife had had a fever and—"

Every one laughed. Dorothy's traveling acquaintances, who volubly poured out their hearts to her, were a joke among her companions.

"No. She wasn't that kind. She just made responses and asked questions. She only really *said* one thing. We saw some crates of apples unloaded, and she said, 'What a shame! I've just missed them. I always count on getting apples while I am at Lone Locust, and this time I couldn't find any, but the merchants were expecting a shipment. Here they are, on their way, just as I'm leaving. Isn't that too provoking! New York City never gets just the sort of apples, in winter, that you have in this part of the country.' Of course it was only a little thing; but she seemed to feel real badly about it. And I just thought how lonely and unhappy she was, and how it would please her to have some one send

her those apples she wanted. But I had every penny planned for Christmas presents. I couldn't see how I could do it, and then, all at once, I remembered the chapel money. Just as her train came, I asked her address, 'So I could send her a postal card some time.' I think she was pleased. Anyway she gave me her card. Well, when I got home, I had the apples sent—all they would send for a dollar and a quarter. I suppose I shouldn't have done it; but I knew I could earn the money, this month, cleaning Miss Henig's room. And I had to, girls! 'Twasn't just the apples, but she was so sad and lonely, and I wanted to do something for her. You'd all have done the same in my place, truly."

Dorothy's tone was very pleading. Her friends gathered about her affectionately. "You dear little Dorry," exclaimed Harriet. "We never in the world would have discovered that the cross old woman was sad and lonely, and if we had, we'd have thought it was none of our business. But, all the same, we appreciate you, Dorry the Generous. You'll never make great money gifts, but your gifts of love will count up to the thousands."

So said all the others, but Dorothy murmured, "I haven't been helping the chapel fund a single bit."

To change the subject a little, Judith suddenly inquired, "Who was your old lady? Let's see the card." And when it was produced, she immediately went off into peals of laughter.

"Why, what's the joke?" asked Dorothy. "I don't think Van Reuter is such a funny name—just unusual."

"Oh, my dear," gasped Judith, "if you ever read the papers you'd know Van Reuter is not an unusual name among the élite. Haven't you really ever heard of the family? Why, this Mrs. Hannah is a multi-millionaire!"

"And our Dorry's given her a dollar's worth of apples," cried Gwyn. "Oh, how funny! Oh! Oh! Oh!"

The others joined in Judith's laughter—all but Dorothy, and she had the courage to smile. "This is the very most foolish thing I've ever done," she ruminated. "But all the same, she was sad and lonely, I'm sure. Please, girls, let's change the subject. Here comes the maid with the mail."

The girls fell upon their letters and, for a few moments, the room was quiet. Then Harriet looked up and noticed Dorothy's face. "Why, Dorry," she exclaimed, springing toward her. Every one looked up, frightened. Dorothy was white. She put her letter into Harriet's hand. "You read it," she said; "I don't quite understand."

Harriet read, first to herself, with a face almost as wondering as Dorothy's own, then aloud to the others:

My dear Miss Lawrence,—I thank you sincerely for giving me what I wanted most—not the apples, although those were delicious and very welcome—but a gift of pure kindness, even, if I am not mistaken, of sacrifice. I have not, in years, had any gift that so touched my heart. I do not want to pay you in any sense. Such gifts as yours require no payment. But since you gave me one of the desires of a lonely heart as you must have guessed it, that day at the junction, I should like to do as much for you. I was interested in what you told me of your college and its struggle for a chapel fund. I have since followed the newspaper accounts of the raising of this money. If I am not mistaken, you have no more keen desire than for the completion of this fund in the time specified. I hope you will take pleasure in giving the inclosed check to the college in your own name.

Believe me,

Very sincerely yours,

HANNAH VAN REUTER.

"And the check," continued Harriet, in a voice of awe, "is for two thousand dollars."

This time there was no noisy outburst. The girls looked at Dorothy, stupefied by the magnitude of their good fortune. At last Judith put her arms about her friend. "Dorry the Generous," she said softly, "your investment seems to have been the best, in every way."

Joseph.

BY LYMAN V. RUTLEDGE.

O MARY, faithful Mary dear,
You've journeyed with me far,
Past Jacob's well, and by Ruth's field,
Where all our kinfolk are.

And you so delicate and young
To travel this long way;
I could not bear the thought of it,
But had the tax to pay.

We had to save to pay the tax,
And that, dear heart, was hard;
But harder still, for me at least,
Was this long tramp and guard

With you, so patient and so young,
Thus journeying by my side
From Nazareth to Bethlehem,
And no good beast to ride.

How anxiously, how tenderly,
I watched through all the night,
When, on the way, we stopped to rest,
No friendly house in sight!

Then as we came to Bethlehem
And wandered all about

To find an inn, some place to stay,
We found ourselves shut out.

So here we came at last to sleep,
Hungry and tired and sad;
But this rude shed that sheltered us
This morning finds us glad!

The shining star just overhead
Has led the Wise Men here,
And shepherds, too, come from the field,—
And angel forms appear.

Far down within this bed of hay
They see a little child;
They come with gifts to worship him,
And here their gifts are piled.

The gold and frankincense and myrrh
They brought from far away;
But, Mary dear, the greatest gift
You gave the world to-day.

O God, when little Jesus grows
To manhood's full estate,
I pray thee make him good and kind
To strangers at the gate.

How the Shoes kept Christmas.

BY HELEN M. RICHARDSON.

HANS and Gretchen were scrubbing their wooden shoes. The snow was falling fast. The ground was white, and the trees were festooned with the feathery flakes that glistened like diamonds beneath the bright electric lights.

It was the first Christmas in America for these little Dutch children, and of course they were expecting St. Nicholas to make his appearance here, just as he did in Holland, riding swiftly into town behind a swift white horse.

Patiently the children scrubbed, for their shoes must be spotless for the great event. Then they were to be filled with oats and barley and set in a row on the front doorstep as a Christmas offering to hungry horses that might be passing by. This was the custom in far-away Holland, on Christmas Eve. Later, when the shoes are again empty, Hans and Gretchen expect that their good St. Nicholas will fill them with gifts, just as you little people are awaiting for Santa Claus to crawl down the chimney with your own.

"What are you doing?" called out Patty Ludden, a schoolmate of Gretchen's, as she passed along the street.

"Cleaning our shoes for St. Nicholas," Hans answered, proudly straightening his short Dutch figure, and surveying his work with a broad smile of satisfaction.

"Cleaning your shoes for—St. Nicholas? What an idea!" Patty drew nearer, while an expression of curiosity settled upon her face.

After the children had explained to her this quaint custom of another country Patty grew interested.

"Couldn't you shine up black shoes the same way? Do you s'pose your St. Nicholas would mind if they were black?" she queried.

"N-n-no; I don't know dat he would." Hans hesitated, pausing in his work, and casting an inquiring glance towards his sister, who was two years older than himself.

"He von't mind so mooch if you haf been good to de horses," Gretchen vouchsafed, with a wise nod.

"Oh, but I love horses!" Patty delightedly exclaimed. "I wouldn't hurt a horse for the world!" she insisted.

"All right, den. I don't t'ink St. Nicholas vill mooch mind," asserted Hans, keeping diligently at work.

Patty hurried home and was soon back with a pair of shiny black shoes in which you could almost see your face.

"How do they look?" exploded Patty, breathless from her long run.

"Dem's all right!" grinned Hans, viewing the pretty shoes with admiring eyes.

"Yes," agreed Gretchen, "St. Nicholas must like dem."

Later, the three pairs of shoes, generously filled with barley and oats, stood on the front doorstep. Before the children separated, however, it was decided that the next night Hans and Gretchen should attend the Christmas tree at the Luddens'.

Early Christmas morning Patty was on hand to see if her shoes contained anything except the barley and oats with which they had been filled when she left them there.

Hans and Gretchen had got ahead of her, however, for when she reached the doorstep where the three pairs of shoes had been left, the wooden ones had disappeared. But in one of Patty's shoes sat a queer-looking little

Dutch doll, and the other contained fruit and candy.

Soon Patty was joined by her little Dutch friends, whose wooden shoes had also been filled, and Patty confessed to Hans and Gretchen that she thought St. Nicholas must be as fond of children as was her own dear Santa Claus.

They all wondered if the horses had enjoyed their barley and oats as they had the gifts they had received.

"We are always good to de horses just before it is time for St. Nicholas to come; den ve know he von't forget us. St. Nicholas is very fond of de horses," Gretchen confided to Patty.

This was said as the three children stood around the glittering Christmas tree in Patty Ludden's home, on Christmas night.

"But why should you wait until Christmas to be good to them?" inquired Patty. "I like to be good to them all the time. Our Santa Claus doesn't require such things of us," she asserted.

Patty was learning to connect the Santa Claus of her babyhood with her own dear father and mother; and she was quite sure that they would like her to show kindness to animals at all seasons of the year, and she told Hans and Gretchen so.

"Let's try being good to de horses all de year, and see if it makes any difference with our presents from St. Nicholas next Christmas," Hans suddenly suggested.

The children decided to do so. And from that time on, many a poor tired horse was surprised to feel a lump of sugar or an apple tickling its nose as the children passed by on their way to and from school.

Candle Light.

BY HEWES LANCASTER.



WHEN Heart-of-a-Poet saw Candle Light in his room he went in quickly, for he had long wanted to hear her story.

"Please," he said pleasantly, "please, Candle Light, tell me where you came from to-night."

"I didn't just come to-night," Candle Light said gently; "I have been a long time coming."

"Tell me about it," begged Heart-of-a-Poet.

"Well, but I can tell you only what I remember. First I was grass, but there was earth, air, and water in me, so of course Spirit-of-Change did not let me

stay grass very long. He brought a cow to bite me off. She bit me and chewed me and swallowed me, then chewed me and swallowed me again, so that pretty soon I turned to fat and lay snug and warm between the lean meat and the hide. I fitted the place so nicely that I thought I must be there to stay. But it seemed earth, air, and water were in me yet, so before long I had to change again. A butcher came and killed the cow, took off her hide, and stripped me from my cosy place. They cut me into bits and put me in a pot over a fire. I steamed a good long while, but finally began to fry. Do you know what that meant? It meant that fire had driven all the water out of me. Air left soon afterwards, and they poured me into a mold and called me tallow.

"I said to myself:

"Am I fixed for life this time?"



WARMING UP

"A match heard me and laughed.

"Don't believe that you are fixed for life. Nothing stays fixed in this world. Why, small as I am, I can change almost as many things as the great spirit himself."

"I asked how that could be because this was the first match I had seen, and it was little and red-headed and really didn't look like it could do much. But it kept on saying that it could.

"Why, when I see something I want to change, all I have to do is to snap and touch it and it changes."

"There was a piece of white paper lying alongside of the match, so I asked:

"Could you change that piece of paper?"

"Why, surely I can," the match cried; 'just watch me.'

"The match snapped and touched the paper, and at once it became a blaze. I was so surprised that I sat staring until the blaze itself changed to ashes. Then I asked:

"Can you change the ashes?"

"But the match itself had changed and become a little charred stick.

"No, no," it said. 'A match can snap and touch but once. I could have changed a great house to ashes as easily as I changed that piece of paper, but I have thrown away my power, to prove a vain boast, and now I shall die.'

"It did die, too, I know, because soon after a hand picked it up and tossed it into a tray, and a voice said:

"Don't bother. That match is dead."

"After I had met the match I began to get restless. So long as I had believed myself to be fixed for life as tallow, I was well enough satisfied; but after what the match had said, and after the way I had seen a plain piece of paper changed to a burning blaze, I began to wish I could change too, and I made up my mind that the next time I met a match, I would ask it to snap and touch me. I did not know it then, but there were going to be a good many things done to me before I met another match. I was packed in a box and hauled around and unpacked and wrapped into a bundle—Oh, ever so many things! But at last hands brought me into this room, and set me in a candlestick. I looked round, and the first thing I saw was a match. When I saw the match the first thing I said was:

"Oh, please, please snap and touch me."

"The match was red-headed, and so, of course, as ready to laugh as most red-headed people are. It laughed and said:

"Why are you in such a hurry to have a match touched to you?"

"I said:

"Please touch me. I want to see if I won't become a blaze."

"Become a blaze," he laughed. 'Why, what in the world do you think you are? A piece of kindling wood?'

"No," I said. 'I know I am only a piece of tallow.'

"A piece of tallow!" the match laughed, but so nicely. 'Why, you are a candle, and if I touch you, you will become one of the dearest, softest little daughters great Light has on earth.' That is what the match said, Heart-of-a-Poet."

"I know," cried Heart-of-a-Poet. "And it all came true. The match snapped and touched you, and you became Candle Light—one of the softest, dearest little lights that ever shone. I wish you would shine on forever."

Candle Light smiled happily.

"But of course I can't do that," she said, "because all Candle Lights must go out."

"Where do they go when they go out?" asked Heart-of-a-Poet.

"That is what nobody knows," said Candle Light, gently. "You see thousands and thousands of Candle Lights have gone out, but not one has ever come back to tell where it went to."

Just as she said this, Candle Light flickered and went out softly, and Heart-of-a-Poet was left alone in the dark.

The Marvel.

BY VLYN JOHNSON.

CHRIST lived his life so simply,
And death so simply met,
We wonder that the story

Has power to move us yet,
Until we strive to follow,
And then our marvel is
That even once was compassed
Such life and death as his.

Song.

BY JAMES VILA BLAKE.

THE little birds, where cuddle they
This day?
It is so bleak, so very cold,
That we big creatures think it bold
To go out-doors, and huddle nigher
The fire.

And in the night, when chiller still,
And shrill,
Through leafless trees, the winds are out,
Bombarding with enormous rout
The little birds, where keep they warm
In storm?

They have a *where*, and 'tis the same
In name,
Ay, and in place, as is *my where*,
One place for both in earth or air,
My lodge in-doors, and theirs abroad,—
In God!

A Christmas thought! Now do thy part
With heart,
And scatter crumbs. For nothing loth
To birds 'tis meat and pudding both,
With plums and all—a Christmas feast
Not least.

And gentles kind, bethink to say
This day,
How fare the poor, and where are they?
To do them ease, if that ye may,
And if not so, then for them pray
With heartiness. Then sits at thy board
Thy Lord!

The Blue Boot.

BY ETHEL GESSNER ROCKWELL.

TITO sat in his father's shoemaking shop, looking out of the window. He usually helped, but to-day was only two days before Christmas, and trade was not very brisk.

Father's hammer was zwing, zwinging, but Tito did not hear it. All he could hear was the creaking rattle of the sign outside the shop. It was a beautiful sign, at least it had been until now. It was a big boot, made of wood. It had been a beautiful blue boot, but now the paint was all washed off and cracked. It swung lonely-like in the wind. Even the little flurrying flakes of snow always dropped on the iron arm that held it out to swing, or scurried to the doorsteps below it.

"I want to paint it," thought Tito, "all nice and blue. It should be the patro's—what you say—Christmas gift." Tito sighed,—it was really a loud sigh, but father was so busy he did not hear it.

However, Tito was not one to sigh long for nothing. He leaned his elbows on the window-sill, pressed his face in his hand, thinking hard. If he could only get enough money to buy some paint, he could paint it himself. He could not ask father; he knew how hard times were with the war and all. Besides, it wouldn't be a fellow's own Christmas gift if he asked his father for the money, anyhow, he decided. He must earn some all himself, some way. But what way?

It was growing quite dark when Tito jumped up from the window, clapping his hands together with a little shout. Now he knew, to-morrow he would begin.

Tito was very gleeful at supper. They ate it together in the little room back of the shop, he and father. Father tried hard to

guess what was making Tito so happy, but not a word of his secret would he tell.

Next morning, Tito slipped out into the sunshine right after breakfast, carefully hiding something under his coat. Not until he was well out of sight of the shop did he pull out his flute. He could play well, he played with the older boys in an orchestra at school. He would play on the streets, up and down, in front of the houses, for pennies. When he had enough he would buy the paint; then on Christmas morning father would look out and see the blue boot all blue again and shining in the sun.

Tito's eyes shone. Choosing a long street up town, where the houses looked big and rich, he began to play, going farther and farther. Ever so many people were passing, but somehow they all seemed very busy. A few pennies strayed his way, but they were very few, hardly enough to jingle in his pocket.

After a while he began to get tired. It grew colder, too; still he kept on, thinking how the blue boot would shine in its lovely new coat of paint. On the broad steps of one of the biggest houses he sat down a minute to rest. It was while he was resting that he saw Charles Lee Bates standing in the window.

Tito didn't know his name was Charles Lee Bates. He didn't know he had bronchitis, lots of money, all the toys he could ask for, and was never quite happy. He only saw a rather white-faced little boy with yellow curls, looking gloomily out into the sunset, for Tito had wandered, playing, all day. He only thought that maybe the boy in the window would give him some pennies if he played.

He jumped up, ran up the steps and on to



From painting by Honthorst.

WHY do bells for Christmas ring?
Why do little children sing?

Once a lovely shining star,
Seen by shepherds from afar,
Gently moved until its light
Made a manger's cradle bright.

There a darling Baby lay
Pillowed soft upon the hay,
And its mother sang and smiled;
This is Christ, the Holy Child.

Therefore, bells for Christmas ring,
Therefore, little children sing.

EUGENE FIELD.

the lawn under the window. Snatching his cap from his curly black hair, he made a very big bow, and began to play a very big tune on his flute. The boy in the window looked surprised for a minute. Then he half turned and seemed to be talking to some one inside. Tito played faster, louder. If only he would get lots of pennies here!

Just as he thought the boy wasn't hearing him at all any more, the door opened, and a lady in a lovely blue dress beckoned to him. Tito went gravely up the steps, bowing, cap in hand.

"Come in," said the lady. "My little boy wants to speak to you."

So he went into a wide shiny hall, and there, before a big fireplace, with a crackly fire burning, was the little boy from the window.

"How do you do?" said the boy. "I should like to play on your music thing."

This was not quite what Tito had expected, but he smilingly let the boy try. He couldn't play, so Tito showed him how he did it. As the lady seemed to have gone away, they slipped to the rug and began to talk.

"I'm so tired of everything," said Charles Lee Bates, in a weary little tone. "It's 'most Christmas. What do you s'pose you'll get? I know all the things I'll get, an' I'm sick of 'em all anyhow."

Again Tito looked surprised. A little boy in a lovely house like this, and he was tired of it! Tito's black eyes shone. He thought of his Christmas gift for father.

"I paint-a da boot," he cried, showing his white, white teeth in his brilliant smile.

It was Charles Lee Bates' turn to look surprised, and he did it.

(Continued on p. 68.)

PAGE FOR LITTLE READERS

A Little Christmas Secret.

Christmas is a time of secrets,
So I'll whisper one to you.
Grandpa says that all who try it
Find that every word is true.
"Would you have a happy day?
Give some happiness away."

Grandpa says this little secret
Should be carried through the
year,
And if all would try to heed it,
Earth would soon be full of cheer.
"Would you have a happy day?
Give some happiness away."

ALICE JEAN CLEATOR,
in *The Mayflower*.

The Little Red Sled.

IT stood under the Christmas tree, and among all the shining wonders it was the brightest of all. The minute Teddy saw it his eyes began to dance. He could hardly wait until Santa Claus placed the sled rope in his hand. With a whoop of delight, Teddy made for the door. He wanted to try his new sled at once.

"Wait a minute, Ted," called Santa Claus,—and his voice sounded exactly like Uncle Billy's,—“a boy who owns a fine new red sled should be obliging. Stop a bit. I have an errand for you.” And he placed a huge bundle marked “Grandpa” on the little red sled.

Teddy gravely drew the sled across the room and delivered the bundle to grandpa. Then he returned to the tree for another errand. Santa Claus patted his head and, had it not been for the jolly red-cheeked mask that he wore, Teddy surely would have seen him smile.

An hour later Teddy stood outside the gate ready for his first coast on the new sled. The top of the hill was not far away, but Teddy did not start off at once, for across the street he saw the roly-poly Thompson twins gazing with all their eyes at the little red sled. Teddy beckoned, and in less time than it takes to tell it the twins were across the street and tucked in cosily, one behind the other, on the sled. Teddy tugged manfully until he reached the top of the hill. Then he gave the twins a nice coast. It was not a very long one, however, for, as they could not steer, they landed in a snowdrift half-way down the hill. Teddy set them on their feet, brushed off the snow, and they went trotting off home, bubbling over with delight

at their adventure. Then Teddy coasted to the foot of the hill. The new sled flew like a bird.

That afternoon seemed a very short one to Teddy. He was very happy and very busy. It is wonderful how many things a boy with a new red sled can find to do besides coast. There was Granny Gray's bundle to be carried to the top of the hill; there was the butcher boy, who was so glad to get a ride; there was the little girl who was too timid to coast alone; there was the poor little Jones boy, who had never owned a sled. Somehow there seemed to be a lot of room on that new red sled.

Teddy was tired, but very happy, when mother tucked him into bed that night. “I've had such a jolly Christmas day, mother,” he said sleepily. “And it's all because of my little red sled.”

And Uncle Billy, who stood at the other side of the bed, leaned over and patted his head. “That's right,” he said. “A boy who owns a fine new red sled should be happy—and obliging.”

MARY E. JACKSON,
in *Normal Instructor*.

WILLIAM and Lawrence were in the habit of saving part of their dessert from the evening dinner for the next morning; and, in accordance with this custom, two small cakes had been placed in the cracker jar for them. William, being the first up on the following morning, and being hungry, went to the jar. He found only one cake, and a large piece had been bitten out of that. Full of wrath, he went upstairs and roused his brother. “Say!” he demanded, “I want to know who took that big bite out of my cake!”

“I did,” sleepily answered Lawrence.

“What'd you do that for?”

“Well, when I tasted it, I found it was your cake, and so I ate the other one.”—*Youth's Companion*.



By Mrs. Charles S. Hayden.

WATCHING FOR SANTA CLAUS.

The Longest Day.

They tell me the longest day
Comes 'way along in June,
But they are all mistaken
Because it's coming soon.

For you can't make me believe,
No matter what you say,
That there is any longer day than
that
Just-before-Christmas day.

WINIFRED A. HOAG.

The Naughty Star.

BY KATE LOUISE BROWN.

Oh, I was sent to bed away,
While it was light and time to play;
A naughty star peeped in to see
And winked a shining eye at me;
“Some one has run away! Did
you?”
Dear me! I wonder how he knew?

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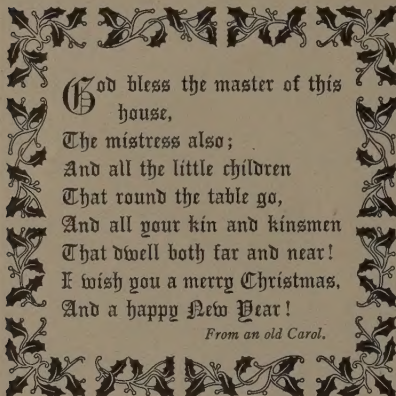
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God bless the master of this
house,
The mistress also;
And all the little children
That round the table go,
And all your kin and kinsmen
That dwell both far and near!
I wish you a merry Christmas,
And a happy New Year!

From an old Carol.

From the Editor to You.

ONE of the dearest and most famous Christmas stories makes Bob Cratchit and his lame child, Tiny Tim, as real to us as are our neighbors. We are glad to present on the front page of this number the picture, drawn by a famous artist, of the little lame lad returning home from church on his father's shoulder on Christmas Day. Why not take down "The Christmas Carol" and read again at this holiday season that part of it which describes the happy home day of the Cratchits?

We are all thinking this Christmas of some sad things. We know of children who are cold, hungry, lame, and homeless. By the help you give them in your Belgian Relief offerings you make active in the world that very spirit of love which Jesus revealed. Help and healing come from the good God through the human love that serves. A joyous, loving, blessed Christmas to you all.

The True Santa Claus.

THERE'S never a home so low, no doubt,
But I in my flight can find it out;
Nor a hut so hidden but I can see
The shadow cast by the lone roof-tree!
There's never a home so proud and high
That I am constrained to pass it by;
Nor a heart so happy it may not be
Happier still when blessed by me!

What is my name? Ah! who can tell,
Though in every land 'tis a magic spell;
Men call me that, and they call me this,
Yet the different names are the same, I wis.
Gift-Bearer to all the world am I,
Joy-Giver, Light-Bringer, where'er I fly;
But the name I bear in the Courts above,
My truest and holiest name, is LOVE.

Sunday School Times.

(Continued from p. 66.)

"What?" he demanded.

"Da boot," repeated Tito, patiently. "My father's shop it have a boot—I make-a all blue, like-a the lady's dress."

It took a long time for Charles Lee Bates to get out of Tito's funny English what he meant. The lady appeared again from somewhere and helped all she could.

"Now I like that," he said, when at last he understood. "I want you to bring that boot here and paint it. I want to paint it, too."

"But the paint," mourned Tito, suddenly remembering. "I no have-a da money."

Tito never quite understood how it all happened, but at supper that night he had forgotten how tired he had been, and was nearly bursting with his secret. He was to go to Charles Lee Bates' big, beautiful house next day, and take the blue boot. The paint would be there, he and Charles Lee would paint it together. His happiness nearly choked him. How father would smile and rub his hands together! He began to see in his mind a whole procession of customers coming when they saw the lovely new sign over father's door.

Very cautiously he climbed up and took it down while father was busy with some shoes after supper. He hid it away in a box in the shed to be ready for morning.

Such a wonderful day as that next day before Christmas was! Tito and Charles Lee painted away, going over and over each bit, till at last the boot was as blue as the lady's dress. Charles Lee's mother took it away to dry, while they ate lunch together in a lovely room with a glass roof, where there were so many flowers Tito almost forgot to eat.

Late in the afternoon the blue boot was ready to go home. Charles wanted to go, too, so they rode in a carriage with doors, like a great many Tito had seen but had never been inside.

Father had to be told and shown the secret, when the carriage stopped before the door and his own little boy jumped out. Together they hung the shiny new sign, while Charles Lee Bates and his mother watched from the carriage.

When it was all done, and father was as happy as even Tito could wish, they all went into the little shop. Charles Lee had long ago forgotten he was tired. He sat on Tito's little stool nibbling Italian cakes, while Tito played his flute, making it seem like a real party.

The last thing that night, after the party had gone, Tito and father looked out at the gay blue boot creaking in the starlight, and two little boys, a mother, and a father were very happy.

The Christmas Vision.

BY FLORENCE I. WAITT.

TO midnight's radiant starlit skies
Lift up thine eyes, O heart of mine,
And maybe thou shalt hear anew
The Angel's song of olden time.

Maybe that blinding, beauteous host
That made immortal Bethlehem's plain
Shall sing once more their Song of Peace
And gladden Christmas skies again.

For though the eyes of flesh and sense
May not the glorious vision see,
The eyes of faith within thy soul
Will bring the miracle to thee!

RECREATION CORNER.

ENIGMA XXII.

I am composed of 14 letters.
My 10, 2, 9, 1, 11, is a small bird.
My 8, 6, 13, is an animal's home.
My 14, 13, 3, 4, 5, is a tangle.
My 2, 9, 8, 12, is to put out of sight.
My 7, 2, 3, 8, 12, is a tint.
My whole is an author much quoted at Christmas.
J. W.

ENIGMA XXIII.

I am composed of 11 letters.
My 2, 3, 1, is an old piece of cloth.
My 5, 3, 4, is a boy's name.
My 10, 9, 8, is something you do when you dance.
My 6, 3, 8, 9, 5, 11, is something in a river.
My 2, 7, 4, is the past tense of run.
My whole is a large furniture city.

A CLASS OF GIRLS.

A RIDDLE.

I opened a Christmas stocking, and found a spinner that is at the head; one who guards and gives valuable information; a small compartment that sends messages; an ornament that is a necessity; something that tells a story, keeps accounts, or exhibits pictures; something that we strive for, but are constantly giving up; something to amuse, and is the result of hunting.

Youth's Companion.

CHANGED INITIALS.

I am composed of five letters and form part of a tree.
Change my first letter and I make the staff of life.
Again and I am the reverse of smooth.
Again and I am far from tender.
Again and I affect the throat.

The Myrtle.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

I'm found in chimes, but not in bells;
I'm found in hymns, but not in knells.
I'm found in horse, but not in steed;
I'm found in gift, but not in deed.
I'm found in days, but not in hour;
I'm found in tree, but not in flower.
I'm found in merry, not in joy;
I'm found in man, but not in boy.
I'm found in smiles, but not in fear;
My whole will surely bring good cheer.

Exchange.

A CASE OF CAPS.

Example: The cap that is a small quantity.
Answer: Capful.
1. The cap that is used for seasoning food.
2. The cap that turns things upside down.
3. The cap that is a commander.
4. The cap that takes a person or thing by force.
5. The cap that is a member of a mendicant order of monks.
6. The cap that fascinates.
7. The cap that is ready to take offense.
8. The cap that is made of gelatine to hold a nauseous drug.
9. The cap that is a constellation.
10. The cap that is first in importance.

Scattered Seeds.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 10.

ENIGMA XVIII.—The only way to have a friend is to be one.

ENIGMA XIX.—Enigmas wanted for the Recreation Corner.

HIDDEN CITIES.—1. New Bedford. 2. Jackson. 3. Salem. 4. Frankfort. 5. Jamestown. 6. Springfield. 7. Easton. 8. Annapolis. 9. Bath. 10. Dallas. 11. Tampa. 12. Athens.

TWISTED BOOKS.—1. Quo Vadis. 2. Ben Hur. 3. The Spy. 4. Ivanhoe. 5. The Little Minister. 6. David Harum. 7. Little Women.